

# Invocate



Seasons Greetings

1941

J. Nims





# ADVOCATE

*Christmas* 1941

VOL. LII, No. 1

PRICE 50c

DECEMBER, 1941

Published Twice a Year by the Student Body  
THE NEEDHAM SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL  
NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

COVER DESIGN BY JOYCE NIMS



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
EDITORIALS . . . . .	3
LITERARY . . . . .	5
THEY SAY . . . . .	19
CANDID SPORTS PICTURES . . . . .	22
SPORTS . . . . .	23
ALUMNI . . . . .	25
EXCHANGE . . . . .	26
HUMOR . . . . .	27
CARTOONS . . . . .	28
ADVERTISEMENTS . . . . .	30

## STAFF

<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Make-up Editor</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">MARTHA McNEILLY</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Editor-in-Chief</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">LONNIE HEUER</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Business Manager</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">BARBARA STARK</p>
	<i>Senior</i>	<i>Junior</i>
<i>Literary</i>	RICHARD SILVA LOUISE BOYER EDITH BROWN	LORRAINE LOWDEN MARY LEAVITT
<i>They Say</i>	JEAN COPPINGER BETH GATES MARJORIE LUTY	JOHN CARRE PATTY OSGOOD
<i>Sports</i>	JAMES P. MALONEY IRMA PARKER	RICHARD MILNE PATRICIA STANWOOD
<i>Alumni</i>	NANCY IVES PAUL RICHWAGEN	CAROLYN FRANKE JOAN IRVING
<i>Exchange</i>	ESTHER OHANIAN	DORIS PACKARD
<i>Humor</i>	GLADYS JENSENIUS PRISCILLA INNES	DWIGHT CHURCH BARBARA RILEY
<i>Art</i>	JOYCE NIMS FRANCIS HERSEY ARTHUR GODFREY	JEAN HALLER THELMA PARKER
<i>Business</i>	MYRTLE BAILEY MYRON HOWE	RUTH WHEELER ROBERT MACINTOSH DOROTHY WAUGH
<i>Photography</i>	ROBERT RUSH	ROBERT DINNEEN

## FACULTY ADVISERS

CATHERINE DODGE  LOUISE STEELE FLORENCE DURGIN	ALICE GATES NORMA VIETRI
---	-----------------------------

Archives  
DEC. 1941

---

# EDITORIALS

---

## Our Limited Edition

Perhaps the thinness and the comparative lack of pictures in this year's issue of the *Advocate* deserve some explanation.

As one might have suspected, the shrinkage is due entirely to financial difficulties. The Needham Board of Trade, hard pressed at this time by everyone for support, has chosen to refuse us its approval at this time, but kindly enough, has tentatively agreed to support wholeheartedly the June Yearbook. Without its sanction it is practically impossible to secure local advertisements, the backbone of all previous *Advocates*.

Despite this setback, we have decided to print our Christmas issue as usual, and although it is definitely reduced in size, we feel, and hope you will too, that its standard of quality has not in the least been impaired.

## We Want Bleachers!

*William Diederling, '42*

Needham is not, in most cases, behind in the march of progress, but in one phase it is strictly old-fashioned. The Memorial Field hasn't any bleachers or even a substitute for them. Mr. Frost and the Needham Merchants are always trying to get record attendances, but cannot because no one wants to go to a football game at which he either has to stand the whole game or bring something suitable to sit on. At the first game of night football in Needham recently there was an excellent attendance, but the common pass word was "When is Needham going to have bleachers?" In fact, many people left the game early because they were tired of standing and did not want to risk their health by sitting on the ground. So, Needham, LET'S GO! Discuss the problem with your friends and someone who can do something.

## Why Join School Organizations?

*Doris Drescher, '42*

It is essential and profitable for a student to share in and be an active member of some school organization. There are two important reasons why we should participate in our school organizations. The first reason is to help keep up the good work which has been started by students before us. It gives one great satisfaction to feel that he has helped to carry on work which is really valuable to a school.

The second reason for taking part in organizations is for the opportunity of working with other people, and for the practice of accepting responsibilities. Small tasks prepare us for work that we shall attempt in the future. If we are interested and take part in the activities of our school, we shall be more capable of carrying on the jobs of citizens in our communities when we shall have completed our school years. We all ought to begin to help our school and ourselves by joining at least one organization, remembering that everything we undertake today will give us experience and prepare us for the future.

## It's Your Own Life

Many of us are developing into hardened gamblers. Not that we sneak into secluded corners to hold lengthy poker sessions, or to shoot dice; we gamble with something infinitely more valuable than money — our lives!

As drivers, the majority of us high school students are inclined to be a bit wild, and each time we escape unscathed from a near tragedy, we become more firmly convinced that we shall continue to do so. We are acquainted with a person



who has said that his brother was the best driver he knew because he had been in so many near-accidents, yet always managed to escape with his life. This, unfortunately, is the belief of many young people.

Of course, it is your own life, and if you wish to throw it away you may do so. But consider that in most accidents the lives and futures of others are involved. Surely we have no right to endanger the lives of others.

In Massachusetts where there are so many cars on the road, each young driver should do his part by driving safely. And although we can do little about older, confirmed bad drivers, we can practice safety ourselves, and by persuading others to do so, introduce a new generation of safe drivers to the highways of our State.



## Springtime Candles

*Doris Drescher, '42*

White blossom candles  
Burst from small pear trees.  
Slowly they burn in the sunshine,  
Spreading their delicate fumes  
Through the faint spring air.  
They bend and flicker in the light winds,  
And flare up in every draft.

White blossom candles  
Burn through the night  
Stretching their flames  
Toward the moonlight sky.  
At their sight  
People's hearts are warmed.  
But the blossoms can not stay;  
Soon the heavy rains and summer winds  
Will blow the candles out.

## We Can Help

We Americans do not realize how lucky we are. How often have we heard this thought expressed? Is it possible for us to compare our present method of living, with plenty of food, continued pleasures, uninterrupted sleep, all of which we from habit take for granted, with conditions in the other continents? Yet it must be true. We read of it, we are told of it, and without much thought, only hope it won't happen to us. Shouldn't we do our part in National Defense? The girls wishing to knit (whether they already know how or not) may take part in Miss Cowdrey's class meeting Wednesday afternoons after school.

One thing which everyone of us should do both for our country and ourselves is to keep in good health. It isn't necessary to mention the importance of this; everyone knows how poorly a nation (whose people are not healthy) could stand up against another in wartime. We can also buy Defense Savings Bonds and stamps to support our country in this time of emergency. What have you done?

---

## In Memoriam

DONALD ROCKWOOD ADAMS

For his heroic struggle for life Donald Adams will be long remembered and ever beloved by all. His sunny disposition, happy manner, and sincerity are the outstanding traits by which we shall always think of him.

---

ROBERT WILLIAM SCHLEICHER

The news of the sudden death of Robert Schleicher brought much sorrow to his many friends here at school. His ability at and love of making things and his friendly cheerful ways will never be forgotten.

---





# LITERARY

---

## Arm in Arm

*James P. Maloney, '42*

It is strange that the two greatest countries in the world, which are striving to crush the dictators, should be partners in nature's greatest work. Each of the two countries, the United States of America and the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, owns one of the gigantic cascades which are known as the Niagara Falls.

First, my dear reader, you may be a bit surprised at the word falls. Many people believe that Niagara is only one fall, but those ignorant people are entirely wrong. Two falls, both of which are a bit higher than one hundred sixty feet, are located side by side, one on the American side and one on the Canadian bank. The Canadian falls is better known as the Horseshoe Falls.

Let us take a trip around, under, and through the falls. I shall try to act as your guide and shall make all the necessary arrangements.

It is early morning and the sun's rays strike the roaring cascades and make them look like huge streams of silver and gold. We stand on the new bridge spanning the river just below the falls and wonder if God has ever made anything else so beautiful. Watch out there, sonny! If you fall off the rail, you will fall only a mere two hundred feet into the swirling waters of the mighty river. As we reach the Canadian side of the bridge, many of our companions breathe a sigh of relief.

Our steps now take us into a brick building which is located directly alongside the Horseshoe Falls. As we enter the structure we are given an oilskin hat, coat, pants or skirt, and a pair of rubber boots. Yes, my friends, we are going to take

a trip under the falls. Everybody ready? Down many flights of stairs we go until the great roar of the falls greets us. Strong, stinging spray hits us as we make our way out along the platform. As we make our way back along the narrow wooden surface we look up. Many thousand tons of water go dashing above us in a beautiful silver arc. After we have eaten our dinner, we shall take a trip on one of the small boats up and down the broad river.

We board the boat just below the falls and the shrill whistle tells us we are ready to leave. Down the river, which is flanked on both banks by steep and tall cliffs, our small craft swiftly travels. The train which runs along tracks, blasted out of one of the steep banks, gives us a friendly greeting as it passes us. Look above you now and you can see the Spanish aerial car which runs between the wide banks about two hundred feet above the river. One of the sight-seeing passengers in the car waves at us and we return his greeting. Now the boat slowly turns around and heads back up the broad river. The reason for turning back is that there are whirl-pools just ahead of our craft.

Again as we draw near the falls, the mighty roar of the twin giants greets our ears. The light of day has left us and darkness now surrounds our small boat. Suddenly, as we round a bend in the river, our gaze rests on the falls, which are now covered with many wonderful, colored lights. As we look on the wonderful sight, let us think of how the falls remind us of the two great countries, the United States and England. They are like the falls, strong, wise, and, moreover, everlasting.



# The King

*Thomas H. Christmas, '42*

Wham! As Bill Warren's fly settled on the lagging waters of Hinkles Brook, a giant rainbow trout gobbled it up. Bill gave the rod tip a jerk to set the hook, and as the rod bent and the reel sang, the trout made its bid for freedom.

"J-j-jumpin' hoptoads," stammered Bill bewildered. "What did I grab hold of?" Suddenly the fish stopped running, turned, and came straight back at Bill. The "ole" automatic was singing a tune as it swept up the slack line. The wily old fish darted around a log, and as the line drew taut the hook was pulled out of his mouth, and the fish went tearing upstream free as air.

When Bill got home that evening all he did was to talk about "Brutus," the fish.

"Pop," said Bill, "I'm going to catch that fish if it takes me forever and a day."

"Well, son," said Mr. Warren, "that fish has been in that brook for nearly ten years now and I really don't think that he wants to leave. People have been trying for ten years to catch "Brutus," as you call him, but without success. I don't understand why you haven't seen him before. Why, I can remember one day I played that cursed fish for about thirty minutes only to have him snap my rod as I tried to net him."

"I'm going to study all the habits of that fish, find out what he eats, where he stays, what time he eats, and everything about him." At five o'clock the next morning Bill sat on the bank near where he had hooked "Brutus." About 5:15 he saw a large bee fall on the water, start floating downstream, and then came "Brutus" to suck it into his mouth. Until six o'clock Bill sat and watched "Brutus" suck in four bees, and a number of varied insects; then he left. The next day, he vowed, the old fish would feel Bill's net around him.

The next morning Bill, with a friend who had a movie camera, was at the bank of the brook at 4:30. Bill had an eight-ounce rod with size E line and eight pound test gut. For a fly he used a large bright yellow bee with a size six hook. Bill

cast upstream and let his fly drift slowly downstream with the current while he slowly took in the slack line. He cast three or four times, and in different parts of the brook, but on his fifth cast, near a sunken log in a deep pool, "Brutus" came and hit the fly.

"Well, I've got him on," shouted Bill to his friend. "Now I hope I can hang onto this hot foot with fins on."

"I don't know about that fish," said Bill's friend, "but I once tried to catch one as big as you say this one is, and he mighty nigh drowned me."

"Brutus" was wild. He would rise to the surface and leap, shaking his head trying to get rid of the hook. He tried to snub the line around a sunken limb, but Bill was wiser now, and he forced the fish to fight nearer the middle of the brook. Gradually Bill could get in more line, and the runs of the fish become fewer and shorter.

"Brutus" came to the surface, saw Bill, and started on his last dash. Bill brought him to the surface, and told his friend to get his camera ready.

"All right now," directed Bill, "you start filming". Bill carefully wet his hands and then gently picked Brutus up.

His friend's movie camera rapidly took down the events that followed. Bill laid "Brutus" in the water again and for a moment the big fish just took in deep gulps of water, and then with a resounding slap of his tail he dove for the bottom of the brook and safety.

"Hey," shouted Bill's friend, dumbfounded, "what's the idea of that? He's ruined some of your best line. You spent about thirty minutes catching the fish; then what do you do, you fool, you let him go."

"Aw, you wouldn't understand," said Bill, "that fish belongs in the brook; he's the master of the brook. Why he's the, the, oh how can I put it? Oh, I know, he's the king, the king of all trout."



## The Double Winner

*Marjorie Luty, '42*

The sound of hammering echoed across the small lagoon as Peggy slid to a stop in the sand. Regaining her breath and her composure, Peggy yelled:

"Hi ya, Tony!" Then she raced up to him.

"Hi ya, Peggy. So you're back from sailing camp, huh? Let's hear all about it."

Somehow, Tony didn't act as friendly as usual. He kept on working, glancing up from time to time.

"Right now I have a lot of things to attend to, but I'll tell you all about it tomorrow morning when we caulk your boat for the big race. By the way, what time do you want to start working on it? I think about six o'clock would —"

Not looking Peggy straight in the eyes, Tony said, "Well, look, Peg, I've been sailing with your sister a lot while you were at camp and —"

"My sister, Karen, sailing a boat?" Peggy couldn't believe her ears. Her glamorous, older sister had never participated in any sports before. "Why, she's always too busy to sail with me," Peggy added.

"Well, you see, it's like this. She's pretty excited about sailing now." Tony's voice was almost apologetic. "Anyway," he added, "I asked her to crew for me in the race tomorrow. I didn't think you'd mind, since your little brother could crew for you in your own boat."

The races in the lagoon were practically social functions to Peggy's crowd. It was an unwritten rule that the girl who crewed for a boy in his boat was generally known as his "steady." Peggy had always crewed for Tony, and though they had never come in first, they always managed to have as much fun and excitement as anyone else.

Peggy, trying not to show her disappointment, could manage only a little groan.

"Why, I thought you'd take it like a good sport at least" — Tony was getting angry.

Peggy controlled her emotions and answered quite evenly, "Tony Lee, you know very well that I'll be a good sport about it, only, well, it's kind of a disappointment. I was looking forward to crewing for you all during camp. Besides, we

usually race together. I had rather taken it as a matter of course." Unable to stop the tears, she raced up the beach.

Once in her room, Peggy flung herself upon her unmade bed and let loose the flood of tears that she tried so hard to control. Suddenly, her door opened, and there stood her older sister in a white sharkskin dress. She stared at Peggy with disgust. Her hair swished from side to side as she crossed the room.

"You haven't made your bed yet, Peggy. Hurry up or Mother will get mad, and it's dreadfully unpleasant when she does." Then, noticing Peggy's head buried in the pillows, she said, "Better stop that crying and put some cold water on your eyes. You don't look very pretty with bloodshot eyes."

Peggy, seeing that Karen was trying very hard to show sympathy, mumbled, "I guess I'd better." She started humming, "I'll Never Love Again."

That night at supper, Peggy tried not to show her extreme disappointment, but her contact with the rest of the family was noticeably strained. After helping her mother with the dishes, she announced that she was going to walk up the beach.

Concerned about her unhappiness, Peggy's mother said, "Karen, why don't you go with her?"

Turning from the mirror, Karen answered, "I would, only Tony said that he'd be over tonight."

This last proved to be more than Peggy could bear. She fled from the room, leaving her mother utterly bewildered.

Breathless, she arrived at the beach and started strolling along the water's edge, deep in melancholy thoughts. Looking up, she saw some of her crowd coming towards her, gaily laughing and talking. In no mood for happiness, she turned around and started the other way.

"Hi, Peg!" It was one of the boys. "Come here. We've got a newcomer in our midst!"

Peggy met them, and they all greeted her warmly.

"Peg, this is Bruce Taylor. He's new, and also a great guy."



Peggy glanced up disinterestedly at first. Then noticing his big blue letter sewed on the front of his sweat-shirt, she asked, "D'ya go in for sports?"

Laughing, Bruce answered, "Well, a little. I'm on the team in football, hockey, and baseball."

Peggy noticed that he was tall — almost as tall as Tony. He had beautiful even, white teeth.

"You are! Gosh, gee, imagine; on the team in three sports!" Suddenly, she asked hopefully, "You don't sail, do you?"

"I try to, but I guess I'm not much good at it."

The crowd was breaking up now, but Peggy and Bruce were still talking a steady streak.

Disregarding the last part of his sentence, she asked, "Well, if you'd like to crew for me tomorrow in the races, you can get up at six and help me caulk my boat."

"Gosh! That's sure starting off with a bang! You bet! I'll be there at six."

\* \* \*

Peggy surveyed her rather pretty reflection in the mirror. She and Bruce had worked hard from six to noon-time on her sloop, and now it was in ship-shape condition. Somehow, her paint-smeared dungarees, black sweatshirt that should have been white, and sneakers consisting of more holes than canvas, did not meet with her approval. She couldn't imagine why, for they had always seemed perfectly proper to her. Quickly, she decided to change, and in less than half an hour she was waiting for Bruce at the dock. She wore clean dungarees, a navy-blue Spaulding sweater topped by a "souwester," and navy-blue sneakers. The sail-bag was tucked neatly under her arm and her hair was tied back with a small ribbon wound 'round her head.

Bruce came sprinting up in dungarees and sweatshirt. "Too bad it had to start to rain, but it'll be just as much fun." Then, noticing her clean clothes, he added jokingly, "Oh, I didn't know we were supposed to dress for the occasion!"

Laughing, Peggy sat in the dinghy's stern while Bruce, with even strokes, rowed out to where her sloop, the "Hurricane," was tossing.

"We still have an hour before the start," said Bruce after glancing at his stop-watch. "Let's try a triangular start."

Fifty-six minutes later, Peggy tensely awaited

the three-minute gun, which would be the last before the start. Bruce gripped the main-sheet, the jib-sheet, and his watch. At the exact moment the gun sounded, he motioned to Peggy. She swung the boat around without a word, and ran close-hauled. Then, jibbing, she sailed wing-and-wing. The timing was perfect, and the "Hurricane" was the first sloop to cross the line, passing the port buoy when the gun sounded. Peggy and Bruce had the advantage of being to the windward of the other boats, besides being first over the line.

Glancing back to get her bearings, Peggy noticed, far astern, Karen and Tony just crossing the starting line — the last boat!

\* \* \*

Peggy hugged the cup and watched the splashes that the raindrops were making on the water.

"Just think, we won! Why it's the first time I ever came in the very first in my life!" Peggy looked like a drowned but very happy rat.

"I guess it was your crew," laughed Bruce good-naturedly.

"Oh, Bruce, why didn't you tell me before the race, that you have crewed in the New England sloop races at Gloucester! Why, if it hadn't been for you, I'd probably still be out in the lagoon, fighting it out with Karen and Tony to see who would come in last! Could you — I mean, would you — well, anyway, how about sailing with me in the next races?" Peggy didn't dare look up.

"You bet!" Pausing, then gathering his courage, he said, "On one condition — that you'll go to the dance with me tonight."

"Gosh, I'd love to!" She could feel the color mounting in her cheeks. Knowing that he was watching her, she said emphatically, "Gee, did I get a sun-burn this afternoon!" She hoped that he wouldn't remember that it had rained all during the race.

\* \* \*

After changing to dry clothes, Peggy sat down to indulge in an enormous piece of chocolate fudge cake and to read the yachting news. She was in the midst of an article on the use of spinners when her sister came dripping into the room. Tony came in afterwards, looking like a wet hen.



"Hi, kids," said Peggy, secretly waiting to be congratulated on winning the race.

Without a word, Karen flung herself up the stairs and slammed the door to her room. Tony turned to leave.

"Well, aren't you going to congratulate me?" Peggy felt a little hurt.

"Sure. You and that Taylor guy did swell. Gosh, I sure wish I'd let you be my crew. Your sister is carrying glamour too far when she wears white shorts and an angora sweater out in the rain to go sailing in."

Peggy suppressed her laughter and looking up, said, "But you said that Karen was crazy about sailing."

"Sure; I know. She's all right when it's a good day for sailing, and as long as she doesn't have to

get blisters on her hands from holding the mainsheet."

Silence prevailed, while Peggy became almost crimson, trying to keep back her bubbling laughter by holding her breath.

"Say," Tony said brightly, "I'll call for you around eight and we can go to the dance." He said this casually, thinking that of course Peggy would accept.

"Sorry. I've already promised Bruce." Still half laughing, Peggy added, "You'll really have to go now 'cause I have to get ready."

Tony tried to hide his disappointment, and without saying good-by, he stepped out into the rain.

Peggy vaulted the stairs two at a time, whistling, "Love's Got Me Down Again."

## On Skiing

*Alfred Skinner, Jr., '42*

This essay is written for those who do not know anything about skiing. If you are at all acquainted with the subject, turn on the Nine-twenty Club, or go back to your knitting, for you will not be interested.

Skiing is that sport that consists of gliding on two narrow boards over a snowy surface as rapidly as possible and with a minimum of falls. The experienced skier carries two sticks with webbed circles on the end to aid in climbing and to maintain balance. Undoubtedly, they aid in climbing, but as to maintaining the equilibrium, that is a matter of opinion.

To ski properly, the novice must be properly dressed. Thus, if you do not feel like plunging down the fatal slope, you can stand at the top and regard the form of others in a critical manner, and return home sound in body and limb.

There are also several kinds and qualities of skis. It is not my purpose to tell you what you should buy; any salesman will tell you that and more.

When the novice has stood a while at the top of the slope, he may uncomfortably feel stares directed at him for hesitating. This will probably not happen if one assumes the proper nonchalance, but if it does, the skier may feel that

he should disprove all doubts by taking the fatal step. Making sure that both skis are pointed in the same direction, preferably down, he should adjust his clothing, crouch slightly, place the ski poles a bit to the rear, and push.

After picking himself up, a novice should cast a supercilious sneer at those rude enough to show their amusement, and bend over and adjust the harness on his left foot. This done, he may settle himself once more, and start down the slope.

Now that he is under way, the skier may have some doubts as to his ability to stop. If he happens to be alone on the slope, he may safely fall without attracting attention. If not alone, however, it is best to try the following method. Holding the poles well out of the way, move the back end of the skis outward and tilt the skis so that the inward edge bites into the snow. This forms a V shape, and is known as the stem, or snow-plow. If practised diligently, this will stop the skier, but at first, the novice may find his left foot where his right should be, and vice versa.

Because practice is essential to proper form and proper form is essential to skiing, I have not skied in two years. Therefore, if the reader wishes to become proficient in this sport, disregard this page entirely and take lessons from an expert.

## Vacation's End

*Priscilla Innes, '42*

High in the air the crow laughs loud,  
His blackness etched against a cloud;  
Soon the intruders will have gone  
And there'll be seeds to feed upon;  
The latch falls softly; we turn the lock;  
There's no one to stay to wind the clock.

Spiders will hang their webs again  
Across the dusty window pane;  
Grass, uncut, will lean across  
The flagstone walk, and spreading moss  
Will line each stone about the well;  
Silence will weave a magic spell,  
Until the summer brings once more  
The trees and flowers — and open door!

## The Rescue

(Taken from a story by a Royal Navy  
lieutenant.)

*Edward Pollard, '42*

The year was nineteen thirty-nine;  
The setting, the North Sea.  
The night was dark with fog and snow;  
The waves ran high and free.

A German sub had sunk three ships  
Within ten miles around.  
A Royal Navy trawler fought  
To save three men they'd found.

The sea was rough for such a deed;  
The captain almost daft,  
Until the stoker took a line,  
And swam out towards the raft.

This stoker was a drinking man;  
He had been in the brig.  
And as he reached the tossing raft  
He took a little swig.

They got the men aboard the ship,  
Two dead and one the winner,  
But had to treat the drinking tar  
Half hero, half a sinner.

## Pygmalion and Galatea

*Robert Thomas, '42*

In ancient Greece there lived a youth  
(Pygmalion was his name);  
A great and handsome sculptor he,  
Yet caring not for fame.

Each beauteous maiden of the town  
Would gladly be his bride,  
But of them he would not have one:  
"They're silly, vain!" he cried.

Until one day he took a piece  
Of ivory wondrous white.  
From this he carved a gorgeous maid  
Alluring to the sight.

He fell in love with this at once —  
This statue hard and cold,  
And hid it in a room alone  
For him to have and hold.

To Aphrodite then he prayed  
She grant him this one boon,  
And give his statue love and life  
That he might wed her soon.

The goddess heard his prayer and lit  
The flame which meant consent.  
Pygmalion hopefully returned  
At ease in mind — content.

The statue in his arms he took;  
Her flesh grew warm, she sighed.  
Thus Galatea came to life  
To be Pygmalion's bride.

## The Dance

*Jean McNamara, '42*

The sunset is a group of dancers  
in fancy, colorful gowns  
twirling and weaving in and out of the clouds  
in fascinating patterns,  
gracefully, silently, pleasingly elegant,  
bewitching all who gaze upon them and then —  
they vanish slowly and completely from sight,  
leaving the audience spellbound.



## Over-Confident

Jane Russell, '42

By the look of excitement and anxiety on the faces of the boys and girls of Brathwood, one could almost guess that the date of their first foot-ball dance had just been announced.

On this October day Tom Kent was walking down Main Street, shuffling his feet in the dry leaves, which were still falling from the giant maple trees, found throughout the town. Could it be possible that he too was thinking about the dance, while heading in the direction of Peggy Durand's house? At the sound of a terrible noise, Tom turned around just in time to see Dick Wright coming towards him with "Susie." "Susie" was the town's most popular and noisiest automobile, if such a contraption could be classified as an automobile.

"Hi, Tom," shouted the occupant of "Susie."

"Hi," grumbled Tom.

"Can I give you a lift, or would you rather walk?" asked Dick.

"Oh, I'll take a ride," replied Tom, "but I'm not going far."

"Well then, climb in, and I will take you wherever you want to go, 'cause I have nothing to do, and all afternoon to do it in," Dick responded.

"What do you mean, you've nothing to do?" questioned Tom. "Didn't you know that the foot-ball dance is one week from today?"

"Sure I heard about it," answered Dick. "So what?"

"Well, I just thought you would be going down to Peggy's to ask her to the dance. I suppose it is none of my business, but aren't you going to invite her?" asked Tom, sneaking a glance at the boy sitting beside him.

"Me ask Peggy?" laughed Dick. "Gosh, that is funny. I don't have to ask her. It is just taken for granted that she will go with me. Everybody knows that."

"Oh!" murmured Tom.

"By the way, where do you want to go?" Dick asked.

"You can let me off at the next house," answered Tom.

"But that is Peggy's house," Dick cried.

"Sure, I know it is. That's why I'm getting out there," Tom replied.

"Why are you going to see her? She's my girl," exclaimed Dick.

"I'm going to ask her to go to the dance with me," Tom gently responded. "And I bet you a nickel that she goes with me, and not you."

"Don't be silly," scoffed Dick. "She won't go with you or anybody else, because she will be going with me. Don't you know that we are called the ideal couple of Brathwood? You wouldn't want to break that up, even if it were possible, would you?"

"Well, it can't ever hurt a fellow to try," Tom said, as he slammed the car door extra hard. "And if anybody ever said you were an ideal couple, which is hard to believe they did, it was because they were looking only at Peggy, and not thinking of what they were saying."

"Well, in that case you won't mind if I come along," retorted Dick. "I would like to be there in order to laugh at you when she refuses."

"I can't very well keep you out of somebody else's house, but remember I do all the talking, and you keep quiet," Tom said.

"All right, I will be just as quiet as that Trent kid, who lives next door," Dick replied. "In the meantime, you might tie your shoes, and button up your jacket, just so Peggy will know you are a human being."

"Okay, okay," Tom said, "but remember, don't say a word."

"Yes, sir," replied Dick. "Did you ever think that you might ring the doorbell, so she would know that we — I mean you — are here?"

"Aren't you funny?" mumbled Tom, as he rang the bell. "Say, speaking of that Trent kid, he is a smart little guy. He got a straight A on the Latin test yesterday."

"Well," exclaimed Dick, "he may be smart in school, but, boy, is he dumb when it comes to women! Oh! Hello, Peggy."

"Hi, Peggy," added Tom.

"Hello, boys, come in, and makes yourselves comfortable," said Peggy in a sweet voice. "What brings you boys here?"

"Well, I was just thinking — just curious to know, if perhaps you might, or were, or . . . er thinking of going to the dance next week," stuttered Tom.

"I was thinking I would like to go, if that is what you mean?" Peggy answered.

"Then could you, I mean, would you go with me?" stammered Tom.

"Oh, Tom," sighed Peggy, "I would just love to go with you, but I am afraid I can't. You see . . ."

"Now can I laugh?" snickered Dick.

"Okay, so I was wrong, but you don't have to rub it in," replied Tom, trying to cover up his disappointment.

"I don't see anything very comical, Mr. Wright," said Peggy.

"Well, you see, it's like this; I told Tom it was a waste of time for him to come here and ask

you," explained Dick, "especially when everybody knows that you will be going to the dance with me. But he was determined, so . . ."

"Perhaps you thought that that was funny, Mr. 'Know It All,'" exclaimed Peggy. "But here is something I think is funnier. I am not going to the dance with you, either. Reginald Trent has already asked me, and I have accepted. So you can go to the dance with your dear "Susie," as far as I am concerned. And as for any other dances in the future, you needn't bother to ask me, because the answer will be 'no'. If he asks me, I will be going to the dances with Tom. Now, you boys had better leave. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Peggy," responded Tom. "And I will remember what you said about the other dances. By the way, Dick, maybe Trent isn't so dumb about women as you think he is. Perhaps if you ask him, he will give you a few lessons."

## A Summer Souvenir

*Lonnie Heuer, '42*

Janice was disgusted! Everything seemed to be going wrong. Suddenly, she startled her father by saying, "Daddy, you do love me, don't you?" Before he had a chance to answer, she continued, "And you're not busy, are you?"

"Of course I love you," he answered, "and I'm not busy but — !" He paused. Being the father of a daughter and having a youthful wife, he was used to the manner in which girls tried to get what they wanted. Then he continued, "You know very well, Jan, that you borrowed way ahead on your allowance for that "sheddy" angora sweater. You just can't have your cake and eat it too."

"I know, daddy," she answered, "but Beth was so sweet to ask me up there for Bill's friend. I've never been to a winter carnival and here's my chance. Just twenty-five dollars is standing in my way. You just couldn't be so mean!"

At this point her father was about to give in when her mother came in.

"Now, Frank," she said, "don't give in. It just isn't good for her to have everything and, by the way, Janice, haven't you a short story due at school tomorrow? I heard Beth mention it this afternoon."

"All right, I'll go," Janice said, "but someday you'll wish you'd given me those pleasures while I'm young."

In a very short time a door was heard decisively shutting and her family believed her to be deep in her masterpiece.

But, it seems that they were mistaken, for Janice was merely sitting and staring at a picture on her dressing table. At any other time the smiling face of this handsome young man would have given her pleasure, but now she was taking out her grief on his unbothered countenance.

"I can't write a story; I haven't any talent or even any ideas. With all those books full of short stories how can a mere me get an idea for another one? — oh dear, I did want to go with Beth so much. Why did I buy that old sweater!"

She got up and faced her pretty room. Its neatness rather annoyed her and at this point she proceeded to mess it up. Suddenly she got an inspiration for a story. She went to her desk and started to write; but after the story was all told, it covered only one page and besides she remembered that she'd read it in the *Good Housekeeping* that very afternoon.

She felt a bit discouraged. In order to get her



mind from short stories she figured out a budget to put at her father's place at the breakfast table. It very plainly showed that if fifty cents was taken from her weekly one dollar for fifty weeks she could have the twenty-five dollars she needed for the carnival.

Then she became an authoress again and after many more attempts a very tired girl undressed and tumbled into bed, crying herself to sleep. That night she had a dream about a *Good House-keeping* magazine chasing a winter carnival all around her English class.

The budget at the breakfast table proved to be an utter failure; and Janice tearfully told Beth on the way to school that she didn't think she could possibly go to the carnival.

"I won't believe that until this week is over," Beth said. "And about that story, Jan, just tell Miss Lake the truth."

And though it was a rather poor alibi, it worked because Janice had always been very dependable about her home work. After class, Miss Lake told her, though, that she would have to have it in by Friday or she could get no credit for it.

Right after school (it was Wednesday) when Beth and Janice raced through the front hall on the way to the kitchen, they noticed a long envelope on the hall table. It was addressed to Janice.

"It's probably just a reminder to pay my Juliette Low Fund for Scouts," Janice said, "and I've been out of Scouts for two years!"

But when she opened it she read aloud:

"My dear Miss Craig:

You are among the last ten in our 'Feather Foam' soap contest. We will inform you daily of the results.

Yours, \_\_\_\_\_ "

"Well, what do you think of that, and I never even entered the contest!"

"It's probably just an advertising scheme," Beth explained and the matter was dropped completely.

That night at supper Janice got nowhere by declaring that she wouldn't eat for fifty weeks if she could just have the money.

"Oh yes, you will eat. I don't want you sick," her mother said.

That evening in her room the scene of the night before was repeated. She addressed her picture. "How do you think? Someone must know! Do you? No!!" Finally she went down stairs to her father.

"Daddy, when you were a boy how did you get an idea for a short story?"

"Why," he answered, "I just sat down and thought and pretty soon — Poof! I had an idea."

"What mark did you get on it?" she asked.

"Why, ninety-eight or ninety-nine — I usually spelled a word wrong," her father fibbed honestly.

"All right then, how about an idea for me?"

After fifteen minutes of silence, the telephone interrupted his thoughts; and after it turned out to be a wrong number, Mr. Craig admitted to his daughter that he didn't have an idea. Janice laughed and thanked him, but as soon as she got to her room she burst into tears.

The next morning Miss Lake was greeted at her desk by a prim little note. "I still haven't an idea but I'll surely have one by tomorrow. I tried. Janice Craig." Janice did her best in English class and didn't say a gerund was a participle or split an infinitive in their grammar lesson.

Thursdays they went to Beth's house to eat and chat and when at about five o'clock Janice got home, there was another letter from Chicago for her.

"Listen, Mother," she said:

"My dear Miss Craig:

You are one of the last three in our 'Feather Foam' soap contest. We will keep in touch with you daily as to your progress.

Yours, \_\_\_\_\_ "

"Oh, golly!"

At this point her mother agreed with Beth's idea that it was merely a publicity stunt.

"Mother," Janice put in, "don't you suppose that it would be smart publicity to have me go to the carnival?" But from the look her mother gave her she knew she must have been mistaken.

That night, Janice was excused from dishes to

work on her short story. After doing all the rest of her homework, she was ready to start on her literary venture. But no, her mind was a blank. She just stared and wrote, lost the point, and then stared and wrote again. Once she even got to a climax but then she couldn't finish it. At 10:30 her mother came in.

"Janice Craig, you get to bed. Your story must be finished by now!"

Too tired to explain, Janice went to bed.

In room 314 at 8:10 the following day a sad, unhappy girl said to her teacher: "I'm afraid I'll have to flunk it, Miss Lake. I tried so hard, but I never could write stories."

Miss Lake was surprised. "Why, Janice, you do everything else so nicely. I'm really disappointed."

To keep back her tears, Janice was forced to leave abruptly because the "face on the dressing table" was supplied with a handsome new tweed sports jacket in the second seat in the third row.

At 2:45 a bewildered girl came home alone. She didn't even want Beth this afternoon. On the table, yes, there was another letter from Chicago. "Mother, quick, listen," Janice shouted:

"My dear Miss Craig:

We are proud to announce that you have won the first prize of twenty-five dollars in our annual short story contest. Enclosed find a check for twenty-five dollars and your story which we feel you will want to keep."

"I don't understand," interrupted her mother. "When did you enter it?"

After looking at the story, Janice started to laugh. "Don't you remember, Mom, when everyone was away this summer I wrote it and sent it in to the 'Feather Foam' radio program? Now I have the money I need and oh — I can take the story over to Miss Lake right now. It's still Friday."

As she rushed out of the door, she shouted: "I'm going to stop at Beth's on the way home to tell her the good news."

At the supper table Janice was her own usual self. "Daddy," she asked, "how do you suppose I ever wrote that short story this summer?"

Her father coughed and said, "Why you just sat down and thought and poof! There was your idea and everything did come out one hundred per cent."

---

## Quite a Novelty

*Judith Hulse, '44*

In the novelty shop window was a variety of articles. I scanned the window to see if there was anything I might use as a prize for a party I was giving. There were small dogs and cats, vases, queer teapots, and many other pieces of odd workmanship. My glance was drawn to a little gray figure in the corner of the window. It was the perfect image of a tiny mouse. But for the stillness of the minute body one would think it alive. This was the very thing, I decided, and went into the shop to purchase it. When I asked the clerk the price of the figure he looked puzzled and went over to the window to see what I meant. At this instant a shriek went up among the female customers as my prize went scampering across the floor and under the counter.

## The Innocent Morning

*Priscilla Innes, '42*

In the innocent morning the meadows lay washed  
with dew;

Frail shone the silver-like jewels on tall, bent  
grass,

Drenching our skin as we dashed exultant  
through.

The sky curved over, a lurid dome of glass,  
The cool light grew on the dampened leaves of  
the willow,

The sun rose out of the mountain, dazzling the  
blue,

And the chestnut foal, at the farthest end of  
the meadow

Ran toward the great gold disc — and we ran,  
too.



## Before the Game

*A play in one act, by R. L. Silva, '42*

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Moe, a glittering high school star for five years.

Jerry, a steady influence on his teammates.

Macnewey, a linesman with radical ideas.

Willie, the loudest talker and chief complainer.

Mr. Kinderlash, principal of Wolfville High School.

Jailkeeper.

*Scene:* (In a large common cell in the Donboro jail, all the members of the Wolfville football team are locked up. Near the front of the cell are Moe, seated and completely at ease; Jerry, standing and apparently worried; Willie, seated with head down and obviously very frightened; Macnewey, pacing back and forth. In back the others are in various postures of sitting and standing.)

*Willie.* Well, Macnewey, you got us into this; now get us out. Gee, my father'll kill me for this.

*Macnewey.* So what? You didn't have to come. And besides, it was you that fell down and yelled so loud that every cop in town came.

*Willie.* You'd yell too if you got hurt the way I did. Anyway, the police must have been tipped off the way they came so quickly. I think Johnny Perce told and you might know it! (Everybody groans.)

*Jerry.* Well, it's beside the point who told. The fact remains that we're in here now, we spent the night here, and the game begins in two hours. Let's take it from the beginning and try to figure some way out.

*Willie.* Yes, let's get out of here before somebody finds me. After all, it wasn't my fault that —

*Macnewey.* (interrupting) Oh dry up, water-spout!

(Moe clears throat and begins to speak. Five years of high school football command a certain amount of respect from one's fellow players, a respect which Moe receives.)

*Moe.* Jerry is right. We should start at the beginning, but meanwhile don't act so worried. Look at me, in perfect condition. This is the first time I've had a full night's sleep before a game in five years.

*Macnewey.* How about last year, when coach locked you in his house the night before the game?

*Moe.* He thought he did. Who do you think took the cleats off the Donboro football shoes, anyway? (Laughter comes from back.)

*Jerry.* O. K. now. Last night at nine o'clock, after the meeting at coach's house, somebody suggested coming over here to pull down the goal posts and —

*Willie.* (interrupting) That was you, Macnewey! I don't see why — (Angry cries from back). Shut up! Shut up!

*Jerry.* We don't care who it was. We all agreed to go, and we all got caught. The important thing to do is get out of here and play that game with Donboro! Any ideas?

*Macnewey.* Yuh. Why don't we break out of here. I'll yell as if I was sick, and when the jailer comes in, why we'll —

*Jerry.* (hastily) No! No! That would only make things worse.

*Moe.* There's only one thing I don't like. If we're not on that field by ten o'clock, we lose the game by default. I feel good today. We could win easy. This should be my last game for Wolfville; they're going to graduate me in June.

*Macnewey.* (jokingly) Horrors!

*Jerry.* Things look bad, but I guess there's no sense worrying. "What's done is done."

*Willie.* I know who said that. It was Will —

*Macnewey.* (interrupting again) So what and who cares? Here we are in jail, one hour to game time, and you guys start in on quotations! I still think we could get out of here with my plan! (The others look hopefully at Jerry, who seems to be the leader in this crisis.)

*Jerry.* It's no good, Mac. By the way, won't Mr. Kinderlash be happy to see us in here? Our principal did want to win this game.

*Macnewey.* Bah! Why should there be schools and principals? The power of government must be seized from the hands of the aristocracy, edu-

cation must be rendered voluntary! (Moe and Jerry exchange grins at this outburst.)

*Jerry.* Hey, you fake communist! (All laugh at this including Macnewey, who ceases his tirade.)

*Moe.* Here comes the warden. (The jailer enters, clad in baggy blue pants, heavy suspenders, a white shirt with sleeves much too short, a black string tie, and an official looking cap with a badge on it. He stands in front of the cell with thumbs stuck in suspenders and triumphantly surveys the prisoners.)

*Jailer.* Well, now, ain't we nice and comfy. Guess you fellers are glad you're here, anyway. You was goin' to take an awful beatin' today, yep, one awful beatin'. (Boys yell angrily.)

*Jailer.* Easy now. That ain't what I come here to tell. You got a visitor outside that you might like to see, and I believe he's goin' to be the *principle* reason for you fellers gettin' what's comin' to you. If you know what I mean. Heh! heh! (He goes to door on right, chuckling with pleasure at his pun, and opens it to admit Mr. Kinderlash, dressed in a dark overcoat, who enters and slowly walks across the stage. His presence has a marked effect on the jailbirds: a frightened murmur which culminates in a universal lowering of faces in shame. There is a long strained moment of silence until Willie suddenly sneezes, breaking the spell. The players heads come up and they look at one another and at their principal sheepishly. Then gradually, as if taking courage in numbers, they begin to stare at the newcomer. Finally, Mr. Kinderlash begins to speak softly.)

*Mr. Kinderlash.* Well, boys, good to see you all together on such a nice morning. — There isn't anything that you or I can possibly say that will alter the situation. However, there is one thing that perhaps you ought to know. The Donboro team tried the same trick at our field as you did at theirs. They spent the night in the Wolfville jail! (A murmur of amazement passes over the captives.) In my mind, the consequences of so grave an offense should be no less severe merely because of its commission by a vast number of evildoers. (At this point he overdoes his show of sorrow and waxes exceedingly dramatic. This,

however, is not apparent to the boys who gaze at him in dead seriousness.)

*Mr. Kinderlash.* However, the officials of both towns seem to be in disagreement with my convictions, and, I have secured your release! The very least you can do to partially regain the honor of your town, is to fight your best today for the victory (he pauses dramatically) of dear old Wolfville! (As he concludes his speech, the jailer unlocks the cell door and the chastened boys swiftly file out with many frightened backward glances at Mr. Kinderlash, who stands looking after them with an indescribably sad look upon his countenance. As the last boy vanishes through the door, the principal's expression begins to change. He walks across the stage smiling and talking to himself. As the jailer comes from right, both men begin to guffaw uproariously.)

*Mr. Kinderlash.* Did you ever?

*Jailer.* Don't calculate I ever did! Say, you want to bet on that game? (Both men walk off to left, laughing furiously, as the curtain falls.)

## A Curious Creature

*Donald Thompson, '44*

What a queer mammal it was! As I passed down the hall, I happened to look into the study hall. There it was with its feet on a chair gnawing on an old, stubby pencil which had been left on the desk the last period that day. Being a student of biology, I was fascinated. When I walked into the room this creature made sounds between a growl and a bellow. Its yellow eyes lighted up like lighthouse beacons while it continually ground and gnashed its teeth. With great clumsiness it discarded the pencil for some arithmetic paper. A spine, which could hardly be called one, was curiously twisted. At length, determination gripped this mammal as with the supreme effort it pried open a thin English book, which it could hardly be expected to understand. At once I decided to classify it as closely as I possibly could. My deductions were that it could belong to only one class. This division is commonly known as the dull, lazy, misbehaved pupil who stays after school so many nights.



## House Cleaning

*Robert Rush, '42*

The two seasons of the year I dislike most are spring and fall. For me these seasons spell house cleaning. My mother who is chief instigator of this semi-annual affair starts planning my horrible fate early in October.

Each time this event occurs I find myself unanimously elected to the exalted positions of rug sweeper, window washer, furniture mover, and a few other offices of lesser importance. After having these honors conferred upon me I am told when the opening ceremonies will begin.

On the fateful day I am dressed in my oldest clothes, prepared for the worst. I am instructed that the attic is the first objective to be encountered. At first glance the attic looks like a second-hand shop. Bustles, pictures of Uncle Horatio and Aunt Minnie, dilapidated antiques and an endless amount of junk are to be straightened out. After cleaning the attic and cursing Uncle Wilbur for stowing his furniture there, I am in the mood to listen to "Little Orphan Annie" when my mother informs me that the windows are yet to be done.

Armed with several old rags and a vile-smelling solution, I am ready to begin the tedious task of cleaning windows (under the personal supervision of my mother, who in most cases finds a few spots that I have missed). Having seated myself on a window ledge, I am usually interrupted by the Fuller Brush man, or the telephone company testing our phone to see if our line is working. After several annoying incidents like this, I finally succeed in cleaning the windows. It then usually starts to rain very soon afterward.

My room, which my mother cleans, has enough junk in it to open up a pawn shop. My mother insists on cleaning my room alone so she may dispose of a greater part of my treasured possessions. When I walk into my room, I find everything changed around and for the next six weeks I try in vain to locate my possessions after my mother has rearranged them.

Next comes the living room. Having the furniture arranged one way for six months is too long, says my mother. I, then, under the personal super-

vision of my mother, proceed to move the furniture in every conceivable position. I have heard that it is a woman's privilege to change her mind but in my opinion there should be a limit to how many times she can change it. After moving the furniture around in several different ways, my mother decides that it looks better the way she had it before.

By the time we have finished cleaning the house my mother is the only one who knows where anything is.

I pity other people who have to do house work. As for me a good tent would serve as a comfortable living place where everything is nice and compact. But on second thought, it is very nice to have a house to clean.

## The Last Gentlemen

*Walter Walsh, '42*

Your binding is old  
Like the endless rows of books  
That line the wall beside you,  
And all your thoughts and memories  
Are the yellowing pages  
That are bound within your covers.  
The stain of old tobacco  
Blurs the title so it cannot be read;  
And as I turn the pages of your life  
There falls upon my lap  
One pressed memory  
That had been left . . . forgotten.

## The Waltz

*Walter Walsh, Jr., '42*

To waltz with you  
Is to run in a garden  
On a bright May morning  
With God's shimmering chandelier over head.  
As your feet slide over the shining flagstones  
And each flower wears its brightest gown,  
They all flash before your eyes  
And you are blinded by their colors  
But you keep on running  
Until the bluebird stops its song.

## A Revolution in the China Closet

*Janice McKean, '42*

I am of a long line of dish wipers. Consequently I am a strong advocate of paper plates.

There is no doubt that one's life would endure a lot longer if there were no dishes to wash or wipe. I am certain of this by extensive research. The cavemen, for example, didn't have dishes and they certainly lived to a ripe old age, unless, of course, they were killed by animals or one another, and that's beside the point anyway.

Every dish-doer, (I will refer to washers and wipers as such) no matter how delicious and attractive the meal is, always has the thought of the job that has to be performed at the end of the meal. This is apt to cause indigestion and any number of interior complications and so tends to shorten his life, not to mention that the person who prepared the meal spends that much of his life to shorten another life. It is somewhat of a cycle. The cook kills herself preparing a meal that kills the dish-doers. You see there is no progress in the use of china.

I imagine several of you will object somewhat strenuously to my last statement. Perhaps you have never seen anyone eat without the aid of china. It can be done, I assure you, and so delicately as to pass the scrutinous eyes of Mrs. Post. I'm not speaking, you understand, of a picnic which is eaten with the fingers and in the presence of ants, but of a full-course dinner.

I had the pleasure of having dinner with some friends who were spending the summer at a beach resort. It seems that when they asked me to dinner and they had not foreseen a lack of dishes. They ran to the nearest store and bought paper dishes of all sizes.

I am sure I never enjoyed a meal as much as I did that one and the reason, I'm sure, is that deep down in my sub-conscious mind I knew I wouldn't have to ask my hostess if she would like help with the dishes. You know how it is. They always say "Oh, if you insist, the towels are in the second drawer." And you never insisted at all.

From that day on I've known that my mission in life is to convert people to paper dishes.

You wonder what will happen to the profes-

sional dishwasher? Far be it from me to put anyone out of work, but there will have to be workers to make the paper dishes, and salesmen, too. Imagine — "Local boy makes good — from dishwasher to dish salesman overnight."

You still have another argument, I see. My idea will be expensive. I don't think so. If the majority of you are as unlucky with china as I am, you have spent a small fortune in replacements. You don't have to worry about the attractiveness of the dishes either, because science has done wonders with cardboard.

I must say one word to brides on this subject. If you invest too much money in a beautiful set of china you're apt to have it completely ruined by bombs — if America gets into active warfare. If this doesn't convince you, think of the dishpan hands you will avoid by not washing dishes. I see you have weakened considerably and you must realize that for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness paper dishes are vital.

## Bomb Scare

*Charles Orne, '44*

In the seat next to me on the train sat a tall, dark man with a long black beard. In his hand was a canvas bag that bulged in the center as if it contained a cannon ball. He handled the bag very carefully and when we arrived at the station, he told the porter in his rough Russian accent that he could trust no one with the package. My suspicions were aroused and I followed him as he went towards the arsenal. There he was joined by three other suspicious-looking men, all carrying the same kind of canvas bags. They all gathered around the first man while he opened his bag and withdrew a large spherical object that looked very much like a bomb. Then one of the men lit a match and said, "We are ready to avenge the defeat of our countrymen." I turned and ran for help. With three guards following me, I ran back to the place and found not four dangerous saboteurs but a team of Russian bowlers on their way to a deciding match.





# THEY SAY

Here are the results of the poll taken for the ideal boy and girl from each of the three classes. The Senior selections are:

## BOY

*Sportsmanship*—Dave Thompson  
*Eyes*—Don McNally  
*Clothes*—Donnie Johnston  
*Disposition*—Eddie Pollard  
*Humor*—Fran Hersey  
Dick Ulf  
*Personality*—Dick Silva  
*Car*—Charlie Stevens

## GIRL

*Sportsmanship*—Mary Ruane  
*Eyes*—Nancy Ives  
*Clothes*—Martha McLaughlin  
*Disposition*—Janice McKean  
*Humor*—Barbara Chase  
*Personality*—Joyce Nims  
*Hair*—Nancy Ives  
*Figure*—Shirley Newcomer

The Juniors are:

## BOY

*Sportsmanship*—John Barr  
*Eyes*—Arthur Salamone  
*Clothes*—Kenny Douglass  
*Disposition*—Bobbie Heath  
*Humor*—Dwight Church  
*Personality*—Vincent Flanagan  
*Car*—Kenny Douglass

## GIRL

*Sportsmanship*—Thelma Parker  
*Eyes*—Patty Osgood  
*Clothes*—Ginny Wilkinson  
*Disposition*—Barbara Riley  
*Humor*—Barbara Riley  
*Personality*—Jean Gartner  
*Hair*—Doris Packard  
*Figure*—Erlene McAleney

And the Sophomores :

## BOY

*Sportsmanship*—Roy Johnson  
*Eyes*—Stanley Newcomb  
*Clothes*—Dick Green  
*Disposition*—Dana Brown  
*Humor*—Bobbie Rodgers  
*Personality*—Bobbie Rodgers  
*Car*—Bob Goodwin

## GIRL

*Sportsmanship*—Nancy Rice  
*Eyes*—Carol Mulloney  
*Clothes*—Barbara Nutt  
*Disposition*—Nancy Rice  
*Humor*—Carol Mulloney  
*Personality*—Nancy Rice  
*Hair*—Estelle Gray  
*Figure*—Louise Breda

\* \* \*

One Junior, undoubtedly a boy, placed his vote for the ideal girl for Petty's girl.

\* \* \*

A Sophomore had under ideal girl's figure:—"Are you kiddin'?"

\* \* \*

What Junior girl is attracted to a very popular football hero?

\* \* \*

We hear that some of our popular Senior girls crawl out of bed bright and early every Saturday morning to do social work.

\* \* \*

It is a good thing that everything in Wellesley is Saturday night and everything in Needham is Friday night. Janie B. would have a hard time deciding between Bob and Bill if such were not the case.

Class Officers for this year:

## Seniors

David Thompson .....President  
Bob Cook .....Vice-President  
Beth Gates .....Secretary  
Shirley Newcomer .....Treasurer

## Juniors

John Barr .....President  
Bob Heath .....Vice-President  
Jean Gartner .....Secretary  
Vincent Flanagan .....Treasurer

## Sophomores

Dick Green .....President  
Nancy Rice .....Vice-President  
Patty Lonsbrough .....Secretary  
Bill Nims .....Treasurer

\* \* \*

Hint: Certain study periods might be more successful if more talking permissions were given.

\* \* \*

We don't see how one girl can be so "wacky" about one boy.

\* \* \*

Dr. Bottles: How are you getting on?

Patient: Oh, doctor, I wish you would change my medicine. I have such a hard time getting in and out of the bathtub.

Dr. Bottles: Bathtub!

Patient: Yes, it says on the bottle of medicine "one teaspoonful to be taken in water."

\* \* \*

Teacher: "Can you tell me what a stallion is?"

Pupil: "Sure, he's dictator of Russia."

## Assemblies

The first three assemblies of 1941 presented moving pictures to the students. They included "America Marches On," "America Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow," "Frontiers of the Future," and "Our Town." They all proved interesting, especially "Our Town," as it showed a typical town which might have been Needham. We were also entertained with musical selections by our school band and boys' quartet. On Navy Day, Lt. Riley, U. S. N. R., and Lt. Robinson of the H. M. S. California, visited us. Navy pictures were shown in addition to the talks given by the two visiting navy men. Miss Christine Coleman visited another assembly and dramatized excerpts from "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." Her portrayal of Abe Lincoln was very well done. On November 10, Arnold Mackintosh, a former student of Needham High, and now a sophomore at M. I. T., was awarded a book, "Out of the Test Tube," for his brilliant work in chemistry. Mr. Pollard accepted the book on behalf of the school, and placed it in the library to be an inspiration for future students of Needham.

\* \* \*

### FASHION NOTES

For the first time in Christian civilization, as far as we know, acorns, macaroni, and corn kernels are adorning the necks of many girls. What next!

\* \* \*

Since Mother was a girl, there hasn't been such a rage for long ropes of pearls worn singly, doubly, or triply.

\* \* \*

"Station-wagon" coats seem to be the latest style for high-school boys; and, as usual, the girls have taken up the new fad and are wearing them also.

The Pigskin Frolic held at the Richard Knight Auditorium on November 7th, was the scene of much merriment. Everyone agreed that the orchestra, that of the Rhythm Makers was *wonderful*. The cheer leaders deserve a great big hand for all the time and effort they put into making the dance all that it was. And what's more, they made money on it, too!

\* \* \*

Our teachers compare many of us to coffee; 98% of the active ingredient has been removed from the bean.

\* \* \*

What time does your nose say? Mine has stopped running.

\* \* \*

Sweaters and skirts continue to be most popular, with the sweaters varying from waist to hip length.

\* \* \*

We think "Lu's" love-life is pretty nice! We hear there are others out for him, too, the lucky little man!

\* \* \*

One of our masculine cheerleaders should really wake up—There's a cute Sophomore who thinks he's just won—derful!

\* \* \*

One of our especially cute Senior girls is quite concerned about falling for a Sophomore boy. He's really swell, so she needn't worry about his youthfulness.

\* \* \*

Senior Prom arrangements are now under way, with all the committees working hard to make a big success out of the undertaking. Chairmen for the various committees are: Refreshments, Fred Fisher; Orchestra, Bob Buerhaus; Tickets, Lonnie Heuer; Publicity, Francis Hersey; and Decorations, Art Godfrey.

We wonder who that Russian is, that gave Betty and "Jeep" such a thrill, when they went to the "Ballet Russe." Ask them all about him!

\* \* \*

Beth Gates spent a week-end this fall at Wesleyan.

\* \* \*

Freddy, who is this Dartmouth man we've been hearing so much about? We hope he is deserving of you.

\* \* \*

What is there in Dedham that attracts so many Junior and Senior boys? We wonder!

\* \* \*

What is the matter B—— and P——? Is there someone in German class that you object to?

\* \* \*

The student body seemed to get a kick out of the examples of Dumb Bell English last year, so we are going to give you a little more in this column:

Committing social suicide—courting a girl—*Yale*.

Crumby—a tight wad—*Boston*.

Dragging a pig—taking a girl to a dance—*U. of Michigan*.

Dream stick—cigarette—*Atlanta*.

Drib—goon—*Smith*.

Drop a pearl — make an unusual statement—*Connecticut College*.

D. P. (door pusher—a girl who repels advances in an automobile.

Fussing—a date with a boy—*Oregon State*.

Greaser—bright student—*Yale*.

High in a pear tree—in solid with a girl—*Stanford*.

Icky—sweet music—*Ohio State*.

Key to the church—beer can opener—*Wellesley*.

Meat wagon—speed demon's car—*Duke*.

Mousing—pitching woo—*Smith*.

Cozy—rushing a girl—*Wesleyan*.

Pour on the roses—flattery—*Washington*.

Wolf material—females—*Yale*.



## OUR NEW STUDENTS

NAME	OLD ADDRESS	HOBBY
Evelyn Brill	Lyndonville, Vt.	letter-writing
Phyllis Brupbacher	North Quincy, Mass.	designing and stamps
Martha Ellis	Norwood, Mass.	singing
Barbara Finn	Milwaukee, Wis.	experimenting with plants
Frances Gerard	Wellesley, Mass.	golf
Mary Greco	Newton, Mass.	dancing
Barbara Knowles	Lebanon, N. H.	dancing
George Knowles	Lebanon, N. H.	reading
Corinne MacPherson	Newton, Mass.	ice and roller skating
Daniel McAuliffe	Winchester, Mass.	hunting and fishing
William McAuliffe	Winchester, Mass.	sports and phonograph records
Ralph Moore	Haverhill, Mass.	rifles
Marie Parsons	North Muskegon, Mich.	writing and cheer-leading
George Riley	Needham (attended private school)	sailing
Frank Rohmer	Newton, Mass.	airplanes, pictures
Loretta Sikorski	Brooklyn, N. Y.	autograph hunting
Joan Skinner	Sudbury, Mass.	piano playing
John Tillotson	Watertown, Mass.	rabbit raising
Bob Tisdale	Cincinnati, Ohio	radio ham
John Wyllie	Philippine Islands	ice skating

Some day we're going to exchange soda-water for the water in the glass on Miss Churchill's desk, and see what happens!

\* \* \*

Perhaps Mr. Claxton had better let the girls go out for football. They seem to do almost as well as the team. Watch them in gym class some day.

\* \* \*

Kinne's soda fountain is missing a pretty girl from the Junior class now, and David is a good reason why.

\* \* \*

### TO THE LADY DRIVERS, GOD BLESS THEM

If you see a signal left and the car shoots to the right,  
Or it stops so suddenly that you have to hang on tight;  
Don't lose your temper and begin to curse and blind,  
For it's just a lady driver that you've chanced to be behind!

We know of one popular boy in the Junior class who prefers the company of his drums rather than that of his fair admirers.

\* \* \*

The Senior Class has this year chosen to present "Exclusively Yours" in three acts for the annual Senior Play. With Mrs. Beals directing, and the amount of talent selected from the class, the play is certain to be a success.

\* \* \*

Our drum majorette seems to be attracting some of the lads from Dedham. Evidently, these gentlemen prefer *tall* blondes.

\* \* \*

N. K., we want to see this Louis that there is so much talk about.

\* \* \*

Has "Moocher" ever done his ballet dance for you in Biology? Either he's very light on his feet or just doesn't want Miss Gates to hear him!

What one private school loses we gain, in the form of a certain personable boy of the Sophomore class. We think the girls agree with us.

\* \* \*

Why does some Junior boy keep mentioning Northfield all the time?

What surprise was there on Powers Street for two Junior boys after football practice one Friday?

\* \* \*

You would really be surprised to know how many of the Senior girls spend their spare moments writing letters.

\* \* \*

It seems that the Sophomore class has beaten all the other classes in producing honor roll students this year; but right behind the Sophomores are the Seniors. Come on, Juniors, what is the matter with your class—or are you saving your scholars to surprise us later on this year? Sorry, but lack of space doesn't permit publishing the entire list of names.



1. Our Supermen
2. And Women
3. "Pooch" to "Mooch"

4. Bullying but not bullies!
5. It fooled us, too!
6. Three cheers for the Captain!





# SPORTS

## FOOTBALL

STOUGHTON 24 NEEDHAM 0

Stoughton High defeated the Blue and White in the opening football game 24 to 0. Stoughton scored two gift touchdowns on punts recovered by Stoughton after touching a Needham player.

NORWOOD 6 NEEDHAM 0

An underdog Norwood eleven defeated Needham 6 to 0 at Memorial Park. Norwood scored its touchdown on a pass in the second quarter. Needham had several chances but Norwood held its slim lead.

DEDHAM 12 NEEDHAM 6

Dedham High came to Needham expecting to run wild, but it was Needham who ran wild. Dedham was lucky enough to score two touchdowns in the opening quarter which proved to be the winning points. George Hill scored Needham's touchdown from the one-foot line.

NEEDHAM 14 MILTON 0

With George Hill scoring twice, Needham won its first game of the year from Milton 14 to 0. Needham's last two points were made by Jimmy Maloney, who blocked a Milton punt in the end zone for an automatic safety.

BRAINTREE 6 NEEDHAM 0

Needham High lost a heartbreaker to Braintree 6 to 0 at the latter's field. Early in the game, Needham reached Braintree's four-yard line only to lose the ball on a pass interception. Braintree scored on a buck through Needham's right side.

NATICK 18 NEEDHAM 0

After holding a favored Natick team scoreless for the first half, Needham collapsed, and Natick scored at will in the second half. McNeil and Palladino scored on runs of seventy yards for Natick.

NEEDHAM 0 WALPOLE 0

On a muddy field, in the pouring rain, Needham held undefeated, untied Walpole to a scoreless tie. Walpole was on Needham's goal line three times in the first half, but they were repulsed by Jimmy Maloney and Dave Thompson. In the second half the Blue and White outplayed Walpole and almost threw Songin, Walpole star, for a safety.

NEEDHAM 41 LEXINGTON 6

Nedham High's vaunted offensive machine shifted into high gear and roared through a discouraged Lexington eleven 41 to 6. The blue and white scored six times, with Scott Shepherd and Art Connors doing the honors three and two times respectively. Bobby Downing scored the sixth touchdown.

WELLESLEY 6 NEEDHAM 4

In the annual Thanksgiving day classic, this year held at Wellesley, Needham lost a thrill-packed game to Wellesley, 6 to 4, before 7,000 rabid football fans. Wellesley scored first and wasted no time in doing so. After receiving the opening kick off, Wellesley marched and passed their way to a touchdown

with Bob MacIntyre plunging over for the six winning points. The try from placement for the extra point missed. Needham, in the second half, sparked by the defensive play of Jimmy Maloney, three times smashed at Wellesley's goal line only to be repulsed by the red and black. Scott Shepherd twice came near to scoring, but he was stopped by an alert and smart Wellesley eleven. On one threat, Shepherd would have scored if the crowd had not stood on the playing field, and on the other the ball was "stolen" from Scott after he had crossed the goal line. In the last period, Wellesley, rather than kick from behind its goal line, made two intentional safeties.

## LETTERMEN

Co-Capt. David Thompson  
Co-Capt. Charles Stevens  
John Barr  
Arthur Connors  
Scott Shepherd  
Bill Whitney  
Arthur Godfrey  
Ken Martin  
Roland Mills  
Edward Pollard  
Edward Maley  
Donald McNally  
James P. Maloney  
Vincent Flanagan  
Robert Downing  
Robert Macomber  
Dana Brown  
Roy Johnson  
Robert Heath  
Edward O'Neil

# GIRLS' SPORTS

The girls' hockey season opened the second week of school, and the season got under way in full swing. The candidates were many. Beverly Parker and Doris Drescher were appointed managers and did an excellent job keeping the equipment in good condition.

\* \* \*

On October 8, Needham was host to the undefeated Brookline team. The game, as always, was exceptionally hard and vigorous. The Needham girls had their hands full but were able to hold Brookline to one goal. This was Needham's only defeat of the season. The second team won 2-0. The scores were made by T. Parker and D. Harris.

\* \* \*

Once again, on October 16, the hockey squad was able to conquer Waltham by a score of 2-1. The first team was off to a slow start, but in the second half it was difficult for Waltham to hold Needham back. The goals were made by J. Nims and I. Parker. The second team was also successful, taking their opponent by a score of 3-0. The goals were made by T. Parker, L. Ferrara, and D. Harris.

\* \* \*

On October 17, the girls' hockey squad made up of Senior, Junior, and Sophomore teams went to Newton to participate in the annual "field day". The Seniors, fighting hard to hold Newton, furnished the excitement of the day. The final score was 2-2. The goals were made by J. Nardone, and J. Butcher. The Juniors held their own, winning the game by a score of 1-0. The goal was made by M. Walsh. The Sophomores also won, giving a splendid exhibition of their ability to furnish Needham with a fine hockey squad next year. The final score was 2-0. The goals were made by D. Harris and N. Rice.

On October 30, for the first time in five years, Needham took Watertown by a score of 4-0. The goals were made by J. Nardone, 1; M. Ruane, 1; and I. Parker, 2. The second team, playing a brilliant game, tied 1-1, L. Ferrara scored the only goal.

\* \* \*

On November 4, Needham took on a new opponent at Braintree defeating Thayer Academy 4-2. The goals were made by M. Walsh, 1; and I. Parker, 3. The second team also scored a victory, Doris Packard and L. Ferrara making the goals.

\* \* \*

On November 10, Needham was host to Wellesley. The first team defeated Wellesley by a score of 1-0. It was a well-fought game, and the girls were very much pleased with themselves for taking this game. The score for the second team was 2-0. The goals were made by N. Kinne for the first team and D. Packard, and L. Ferrara for the second team. Refreshments were served after the game.

\* \* \*

On November 14, the girls took Walpole after a thrilling game. The girls fought hard to subdue this team. This is the first time that Needham has been able to take Walpole for some time. The score was 3-1. The goals were made by M. Walsh, L. Ferrara, and J. Nardone. The second team won by a score of 2-0. The goals were made by L. Ferrara, and D. Packard.

\* \* \*

## OFF THE FIELD — AND THE RECORD?

What unfortunate Junior received an unexpected *shower* after the game at Thayer Academy. You're all wet now, Mary!

\* \* \*

Why did the Seniors so generously donate their hockey sticks to the underclassmen? Of course, the fact

that these girls had to wax them didn't make any difference—or did it?

\* \* \*

How did Joyce Nims get that extra dark circle under her eye? Was it too much studying, or was the game too *rough*?

\* \* \*

We noticed that a number of the Brookline girls resembled chimneys—puff, puff.

\* \* \*

We hear Mary and Jenny nearly drowned scrubbing the lunchroom floor after the refreshments were served at the Wellesley game. You don't know how ambitious your girls are, Miss Carroll!

\* \* \*

Why do the Seniors insist on leaving the bus first? It isn't a case of "age before beauty", is it?

\* \* \*

Following the traditions of out-of-town hockey squads, Needham served refreshments immediately following the Wellesley game. The girls are to be congratulated for their cooperation.

Your Faithful Spies,  
"MAISIE" and "BRENDA"

\* \* \*

## FIRST TEAM LETTERS

Bailey, Myrtle  
Butcher, Jane  
Drescher, Doris, (Mgr.)  
Ferrara, Lena  
Innes, Priscilla  
Ives, Nancy  
Jensenius, Gladys  
Kinne, Nancy  
Luty, Marjorie  
Nardone, Jenny  
Nims, Joyce  
Parker, Beverly, (Mgr.)  
Parker, Irma, (Capt.)  
Perry, Estelle  
Ruane, Mary  
Tennent, Betty  
Walsh, Mary





Skeller

# ALUMNI

## ATTENTION HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS:

Class of 1941 reporting. President Vernon Baker and his brother Wallace are carrying on at Brown University. Vice-President Janie Biggart, and Barbara Sayce, at Massachusetts School of Art, are finding opportunity to express themselves along artistic lines. The treasurer, Lawrence Osborne, and secretary, Gertie Haszard, are filling positions in the business world. Blanche Worth, in her usual vivacious manner, tells us what is what about Colby Junior. She writes, "Colby Junior is still the best college going, but don't let anyone tell you that studying here is a snap— Our faculty is marvelous. There are several *very young* men teachers (married) who keep the girls up in style, and prevent us from looking sloppy! I just want to tell you how well my N. H. S. training is standing up at Colby. You may kick now, but in the end you'll be glad of the good old research essays, and the like. Doris-Marie Clarenbach and Bobbie Franke send their best. Give my regards to all."

Doris deVarennes and Bud Barlow were married early in the summer, and we understand that Nancy Ely is planning to be married very soon.

Answering their country's call are Del Reed and Bill Flanagan in the army, and Carmen Mastropieri in the navy. Nicky Difoggio is still in the limelight at Emerson College of Oratory, being no less than the president of his class.

Nearby colleges find many of the class of '41 enrolled as freshmen.

Bob McNeilly at Harvard, Lois May Waters at Wellesley, Marie-Clare Welch at Simmons, and Dick Parlin at Worcester Tech. Northeastern University claimed John Nelson, Andy Bower, Donald Rugen, Harlan Sargent, Joe Tomaino, Franklin Welch and Spud Lumsden. They should carry on Needham traditions. David Allan and Nancy Slack are at Boston University; John Wyeth at Chauncy Hall School. Katy Gibbs is fortunate in having Norma Childs, last year's business manager of the Advocate, Bette Williams, "Pete" McKean, and Jocelyn Riley. Lasell has claimed Ruthie Anson, Jane Bennett, Marguerite Gately, Muriel O'Connor, and Ruth Sayce.

Our outstanding athlete, Larry Arra, and Ray Greene, are down in Maine at Colby College. Jeanne Brown is way down south at the University of North Carolina. We wonder if she will have the southern accent.

From sunny California Porky Youlden writes, "Richard Carman, Sam Jate of Hyde Park, Bud Woodward of Cambridge, and I left Boston on July 1st, bound for California. As far as Chicago the trip was very uneventful. The scenery consisted of farmlands, interrupted now and then by small towns. With five hours to waste in Chicago we spent our time exploring the famous "Loop." It was as tough as pictured by newspapers. The next two days we went slowly across the great farms of the middle West. The night of our third day we reached the Rockies. Just before we went to bed we glimpsed snow-capped mountains. Next morning we

rolled into California. Soon we saw orange groves and palm trees. When we arrived in Los Angeles, Donny Littlehale was there to meet us. He had come out the week before by auto."

Vermont has met us also, Charles Dennis preparing for West Point at Norwich, Betty Gartner and Dave Palmstrom at Middlebury, Bob Humphrey at the University of Vermont, and Eunice Heberd at Vermont Junior College.

Donnie Griffin was recently pledged to Chi Psi Fraternity at Wesleyan College, Middletown, Connecticut. Howard Kingsley chose Oberlin, and Betty Padou, Ohio State. Ralph Soderberg at Yale, Priscilla St. Clair at Skidmore, and Ruth Cornell at Mount Holyoke are enthusiastic over their choices. Betty Gilfoy is well pleased with Stoneleigh. Louise Lewis, our talented musician, is enrolled at the New England Conservatory of Music. Who but Elves Semprucci, known as Elves Cortez, is the pleasing dancer at the "Cave" in Boston.

Business colleges find the following enrolled: Bryant & Stratton, Danny Acquilino; Fisher Business College, Virginia Bishop, Flora Milano, June Miller, Phyllis Plaisted, Jean Regan, Virginia Miller, Polly Shurtleff and Connie McCarthy. Florence Hewett and Natalie Kline are at Burdett's. Shirley Parker is at Kathleen Dell, and Virginia Troy is at Pierces'.

Betty-Lou Phillips is at New England School of Art, and Joyce Henry is at the Chamberlain School of Design.

Norton Whitney is following in his father's footsteps, and is attending the Beacon School of Podiatry.

More than sixty of our class are working. Some of these are planning on entering school in another year.

Eleanor Charles is in training at the Faulkner Hospital, and Connie Gearwar will take her training there also. Jacky Pfeifer is entering Newton Hospital training school.

Five of our members are with you as post-graduates, notably our star goalie, Bobbie Rae.

#### CLASS 1939

Robert D. Schmalz, former president of his class at N. H. S., and a junior at Brown University, was one out of twenty-seven seniors, juniors, and sophomores to be cited as James Manning Scholars for "high academic distinction." Bob, as we all know, is an outstanding football player on the Brown team, and has played in every game this year. Congratulations, Bob, on your outstanding work.

#### CLASS 1940

Arnold Machintosh, Jr., has been designated as one of the winners of "Technology Awards" which are given annually to secondary schools sending outstanding freshmen to Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This award was a volume for the school library.

#### CLASS 1940

Walter C. Huening, Jr., was awarded a scholarship at Tufts College for his scholastic standing in Mechanical Engineering School. He was first in his class for the first semester and one of the first five for the second semester. This standing places him on the Honor Roll for the year.

He represented Tufts' freshmen in a Nation-wide contest for freshmen-engineers. Forty-five colleges throughout the country enter their engineering freshmen for this competition. For the first time in three years Tufts won honors through Huening's award.

---

# EXCHANGE

---

The exchange department wishes to thank you for the opportunity of reading your publications. We hope that our comments will prove helpful to you.

*Hill Quill* — Walpole, Mass.

The idea of a "Teacher's Page" is excellent. You cover your school activities very thoroughly. Instead of devoting so many pages to "Personals", why not have a page of cartoons or snapshots?

*The Acorn* — Roanoke, Va.

We extend a hearty welcome to our southern friends. You have sketched in a remarkable fashion the highlights of your state and community. "The Hunt" is both educational and entertaining. We are looking forward to your next issue.

*The Pearl High Voice* —

Nashville, Tenn.

Welcome to our exchange board. We like your motto. "Gold Digger's Mystery" gave us many laughs. How about telling us more of your school life?

*The Oracle* — Van Rensselaer, N. Y.

Here is a magazine complete in every detail. The entire staff is to be commended. The cover and illustrations of your art department are outstanding. "Some Speakers" and "Taking Junior Fishing" are two of many entertaining stories. Keep it up!

*The Noddler* — East Boston, Mass.

"Junior Jottings" and "Ye Froshies" are very amusing, and even though we do not know the students, we can see our own students in your comments.

*The Lawrencian* — Falmouth, Mass.

Welcome! Your cover calls forth our sincere admiration. Congratulations for winning All-Columbian Honors in the make-up of your magazine. The "Brain Teaser" contest is a clever idea.

*The Argus* — Gardener, Mass.

Your editorials are highly commendable, especially "Keep Those Lights Burning, America." It is an original idea to have the advertisements both in the front and back of the paper. We are anxious to see the outcome of "The Taster."

*The Wampatuck* — Braintree, Mass.

You have a fine variety of literature and poetry. The block prints used to illustrate your stories are most artistic. A page of snapshots and cartoons would improve your paper.

*The Blue Owl* — Attleboro, Mass.

The two contributions, "Triumph!" and "Biological Studies of Creatures Around Our School", are most entertaining. The pen and ink sketch on your cover is an outstanding piece of work.

*The Newtonian* — Newton, Mass.

Welcome to our exchange department! Here is the Newtonian with its showy cover, neat pages, and fine arrangement of "Activities" and "Athletics." We are looking forward to your next issue.

*The Item* — Dorchester, Mass.

A clever magazine edited by girls. The Chinese feature of your issue is an original idea. The cover is splendidly done. The board enjoyed the many humorous contributions.





# HUMOR

## THE MARCH OF SHOES

Gordon Youlden, '44

One can often judge a person by his shoes. Probably the best way to do this would be to stop on some street in any major city and look at the many kinds of shoes passing by. First of all you may see a bright pair go by. You can easily tell that they belong to some important business man who always takes care to be neat. Behind him may come a pair of shoes which only by luck are still hanging together. Anyone would know that pair has an owner who never cares what they look like as long as they cover his feet. Anytime, you may be startled by a noise which sounds like The Lone Ranger advancing, only to find it is a man coming down the street who likes to impress people by making them think he will be the next president, while he is only a small town street cleaner. Of course, there are always the ladies to think of. You almost always can find one who likes to think she is the Empire State Building by wearing five-inch heels. In the summer there is usually someone who likes to show off her art of manicuring by wearing open-toed shoes and painting her toenails a most ghastly shade. All in all you probably won't find a person whom you can't judge by looking at his footwear.

## OLD, OLD STORY

When work is done by robot men,  
And all the world's a science den,  
Then, what is left for man to do?  
Don't you know? He'll pitch some woo.

CRAWFORD HIGH SCHOOL'S *Spotlight*

## STAGES OF A GIRL'S LIFE

1. diaper pins
2. hair pins
3. hat pins
4. sorority pins
5. fraternity pins
6. rolling pins

\* \* \*

Some people throw their junk away. Others buy an automobile license for it. (We could mention names.)

\* \* \*

## UNMIX 'EM

- |               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. Cmaritshs  | 6. luitmetes |
| 2. leyu--diet | 7. Dmeceber  |
| 3. Tedocava   | 8. shadoily  |
| 4. hearwt     | 9. deirneer  |
| 5. lyhol      | 10. slelb    |

Answers in the Ads

\* \* \*

## CHESTNUT STREET BLUES

Francis Hersey

On Chestnut street exists a place  
That has a strange appeal  
The air is dense with nicotine,  
Yet I rush down with zeal.

The money flows like H2O  
Till one is finally broke —  
Yet suicides are still unknown  
Down in that land of smoke.

Here, the sun will never touch  
The face of Bill or me.  
And Bill and I now suffer from  
The lack of vitamin D.

Those last two lines are somewhat false;

The rest are strictly facts.  
And when the bowling alleys call  
I bowl — despite the tax.

## CLASS OF 1942

PAULA REECE, '42

Could you tell me

Why Jane and Ruth are *butchers*  
instead of bakers?

Why Craig is *moody* instead of  
happy?

Why Beatrice is *rice* instead of bar-  
ley?

Why Bill is a *furniss* instead of a  
stove?

Why Beverly and Irma are *parkers*  
instead of runners?

Why Sherman is a *heard* (herd) in-  
stead of a flock?

Why Dick is *silva* instead of gold?

Why Eleanor is a *Mackintosh* in-  
stead of a Baldwin?

Why Betty is *Newton* instead of  
Needham?

Why Bob is a *cook* instead of a  
waiter?

Why Carol and Roland are *mills* in-  
stead of factories?

Why Edith is *brown* instead of yel-  
low?

Why Virginia is a *sparrow* instead  
of a robin?

Could you tell me—

\* \* \*

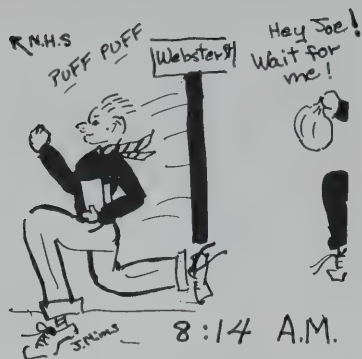
A customer sent a note to her  
grocer saying — "Please send me six  
dozen eggs; if good, I will send  
check."

The merchant thought these terms  
risky, so he wrote back saying —  
"Please send check; if good, I will  
send eggs."

\* \* \*

Father: Son, when George Wash-  
ington was your age he was a sur-  
veyor.

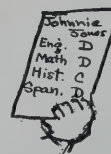
Son: Yes, Dad, but when he was  
your age he was President.



WANT BIGGER AND BETTER FLOWERS? ADD ASPIRIN!  
— CREDIT TO F.L. FROST



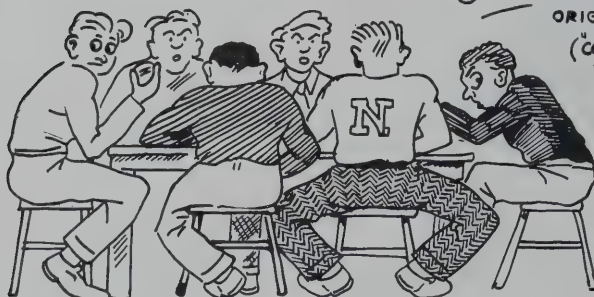
See, Mom - I'm doing better -  
No 'E's this term!



ONE ADVANTAGE OF THE NEW MARKING SYSTEM -

A-A-O-O-O-O-O

WHAT PECULIAR NOISES ORIGINATE IN THE LUNCHROOM ("CONSUL LUPAE," YOU KNOW)



by FRAN HERSEY



SHYLOCK COMBS AND THE  
CASE OF THE  
FLYING PHONOGRAPH  
or  
WHO PEGGED THE  
PHONOGRAPH AT PETER PIFFLE?

by *Carbuncle Boyle*

alias

*Dwight Church, '43*

The great Shylock and his fellow criminologist Dr. Potsam, were spending a quiet evening at home playing duets on their kazoos. Dr. Potsam was crying because he could not imitate a drum, and the great Combs was going beserk trying to play two songs on two kazoos at the same time.

Finally, in fear of collapsing a lung, he gave up and turned to Potsam, "There, there," he said, "don't take it so hard. Drums are no good anyhow. I'm tired of this dull life! I crave excitement! Let's play croquet."

"No, thank you!" answered Potsam, as he took a pinch of snuff. "I'd rather read the latest Esq-A-Ah-Ahh-HH-CH-O-O-O-o-o-ire."

They were suddenly interrupted by a loud knocking on the door.

"Ah," said Combs, "we are about to be visited by a tall, thin man who has dark hair, blue eyes, and a light complexion."

As Potsam opened the door, he saw a short, stout man, with dark hair, brown eyes, and a swarthy complexion.

He said nothing, but merely looked at Combs.

"Well-er-ah," stammered Combs, "we all make mistakes."

"Mr. Combs," said the little man, "I am Peter Q. Piffle; surely you have heard of Piffle's Pixilated Pickles. An attempt has just been made to kill me, and it is MY theory that, since someone tried to kill me, someone wants me to die."

"Very interesting," said the Great Shylock, trying to imitate The Thinker. "Where were you when the attempt was made?"

"On Pigs-Knuckle Avenue," replied Mr. Piffle, "in front of 'The

Sign of the Sour Dishrag.' I had stopped to light my pipe, and all of a sudden something whizzed past my head. I looked down and saw a smashed phonograph lying on the sidewalk. It fell at a terrific speed, and if it had hit me I would have been killed."

"Ha, Hmm," said Combs, "I shall look into the matter at once. Potsam, get your hat. We are going to 'The Sign of the Sour Dishrag'."

The first thing the Great Shylock did when he reached the scene of the crime, was to get the name and occupation of every occupant of the boarding house directly above the restaurant.

There were only two suspects who had been home at the time of the attempted murder, and both had windows on the street. Angus Flanagan in room 2-A, and Patrick McTavish in 3-A were the only ones who could have possibly done the foul deed.

The police suspected Flanagan because they had found some old records in his room although he said that he had never seen them before.

The Great Shylock merely gave the police a disgusted look and left, followed by Potsam and his snuff-box.

At headquarters the police were questioning Flanagan when Combs, Potsam and the snuff-box burst into the room. The Great Shylock dramatically pointed to Patrick McTavish and exclaimed, "There's your man! Flanagan is innocent."

McTavish, seeing that he was trapped, reached for his gun, but Potsam was faster. Whipping out his snuff-box, he blew a generous quantity of snuff into McTavish's face causing him to forget his gun, Combs, Potsam, and everything else except the fact that he was sneezing.

When he recovered, he found himself the victim of a Japanese arm-lock on his right arm, a Hooligan Special on his left arm, and a double whammy on his legs. He had time to glare at Combs, and gasp, "How did you know?" before he went into another spasm of sneezes.

Our hero (Combs) then began his usual explanation. "Of course," he said, "I knew all the time that Flanagan was innocent. I immediately recognized Patrick McTavish as none other than Looie the Dip, who is well known by the police. I then went to his mother who informed me that she had sent him a phonograph as a joke. Upon receiving the phonograph, he became furious and threw it out of the window, not realizing that Peter Q. Piffle was standing below. When he saw what he had done, he tried to put the blame on Flanagan by 'planting' some old records in his rooms."

"Astounding," exclaimed Flanagan. "But why was he angry because his Mother sent him a record-player?"

"Because," answered Combs, "he knew, and his mother knew that he had a bad police record; and everybody knows that you cannot use a record-player with a bad record."

And at this tense, dramatic point we leave you until the year 1987 when we will bring you another chapter of the (MIS) ADVENTURES OF SHYLOCK COMBS, DR. POTSAM, AND THE SNUFF BOX.

\* \* \*

# HATS!

*Priscilla Innes, '42*

Walking trimly down the street  
Neatly clad from head to feet,  
Hair swept up, and — look at that!  
Perched on top — is that a hat?

Hats are funny things this year,  
You hardly see them from the rear;  
Some are high and some are low,  
With a feather or a bow.

Every color, every hue,  
Worn at angles all askew  
Wonder what we girls would say,  
If the boys wore hats that way.

\* \* \*

Jim: I just swallowed a wish bone.

Tom: What did you wish for?

Jim: I wished I had not.

## READ & WHITE



MEN'S and  
WOMEN'S  
**FORMAL  
CLOTHES  
RENTED**

FOR ALL OCCASIONS  
"QUALITY ALWAYS"

111 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.  
WOOLWORTH BLDG., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

## FRED S. BEALE

*SUNOCO*

875 HIGHLAND AVENUE  
Needham Heights

## United Shoe Rebuilding Co.

890 HIGHLAND AVENUE  
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS

Gino Cardinali

## Bushway-Whiting

### ICE CREAM



*"Everybody Likes It"*

Bushway-Whiting Ice Cream Co.

549 WINDSOR STREET

Somerville, Massachusetts

## CRISP'S MARKET

NEEDHAM HEIGHTS

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

## WINSLOW NURSERIES

### CHRISTMAS

TREES

WREATHS

DECORATIONS



Tel. Needham 1305

Needham Heights

## THE BEAUTY SALON

896 HIGHLAND AVENUE



Margaret Calitri

Ann Calitri

## HEIGHTS PHARMACY

FORMERLY MARVIN'S



SAMUEL MUSHLIN  
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS GALORE

*The Appreciated Kind*



Planting

Pruning

### R. D. LOWDEN

*Tree and Shrub Specialist*

Needham 0402

Cavity Work

Spraying

HANCOCK 6473

HANCOCK 6474



## BOSTON PRINTING COMPANY

*Printing that Pays*

SEVENTY-TWO BROAD STREET

BOSTON

### ANSWERS

- |              |              |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Christmas | 6. Mistletoe |
| 2. Yuletide  | 7. December  |
| 3. Advocate  | 8. Holidays  |
| 4. Wreath    | 9. Reindeer  |
| 5. Holly     | 10. Bells    |

Teacher: "You say that you know  
the link connecting the animal and  
vegetable kingdoms. What is it?"

Pupil: "Stew."



# NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

## College of Liberal Arts

Offers for young men a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. Students may concentrate in any of the following fields: Biology, Chemistry, Economics, Sociology, Psychology, Mathematics, Physics, and English (including an option in Journalism). Pre-Medical, Pre-Dental and Pre-Legal courses are offered. Varied opportunities available for vocational specialization. Degree: Bachelor of Science or Bachelor of Arts.

## College of Business Administration

Offers for young men six curricula: Accounting, Banking and Finance, Marketing and Advertising, Journalism, Public Administration, and Industrial Administration. Each curriculum provides a sound training in the fundamentals of business practice and culminates in special courses devoted to the various professional fields. Degree: Bachelor of Science in Business Administration.

## School of Law

Offers three-year day and four-year evening undergraduate programs leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws. A minimum of one-half of the work accepted for a bachelor's degree in an approved college or its full equivalent required for admission to undergraduate programs. Case method of instruction.

The School also offers a two-year evening program open to graduates of approved law schools and leading to the degree of Master of Laws. Undergraduate and graduate programs admit men and women.

## Evening Courses of the College of Liberal Arts

Certain courses of the College of Liberal Arts are offered during evening hours affording concentration in Economics, English, History and Government or Social Science. A special program preparing for admission to the School of Law is also available. The program is equivalent in hours to one-half the requirement for the A.B. or S.B. degree. Associate in Arts title conferred. Co-educational.

## Co-operative Plan

The Colleges of Liberal Arts, Engineering and Business Administration offer day programs for men only, and are conducted on the co-operative plan. After the freshman year, students may alternate their periods of study with periods of work in the employ of business or industrial concerns at ten-week intervals. Under this plan they gain valuable experience and earn a large part of their college expenses.

## College of Engineering

Offers for young men curricula in Civil, Mechanical (with Air-Conditioning, and Aeronautical options), Electrical, Chemical, and Industrial Engineering. Classroom study is supplemented by experiment and research in well-equipped laboratories. Degree: Bachelor of Science in the professional field of specialization.

## School of Business

Offers curricula through evening classes in Accounting, Industrial Management, Distributive Management, and Engineering and Business, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Business Administration in specified fields. Preparation for C. P. A. Examinations. A special four-year curriculum in Law and Business Management leading to the Bachelor of Commercial Science degree with appropriate specification is also offered. Shorter programs may be arranged. Co-educational.

FOR CATALOG — MAIL THIS COUPON AT ONCE

### NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

*Director of Admissions*

**Boston, Massachusetts**

Please send me a catalog of the

- ☐ College of Liberal Arts
- ☐ College of Engineering
- ☐ College of Business Administration
- ☐ School of Law

- ☐ Evening School of Business
- ☐ Evening—College of Liberal Arts
- ☐ Day Pre-Medical Program
- ☐ Day Pre-Dental Program
- ☐ Day and Evening Pre-Legal Programs

Name.....

Address.....

C-48



NEEDHAM FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 3017 00149 6442

80

82

